

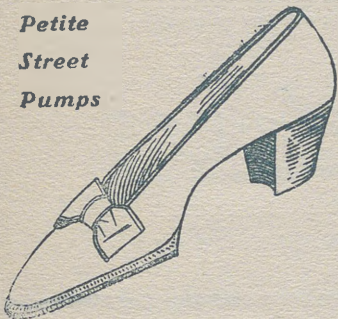
# GRAPHIC

Vol. XXII. No. 9

Los Angeles, Cal., April 1, 1905

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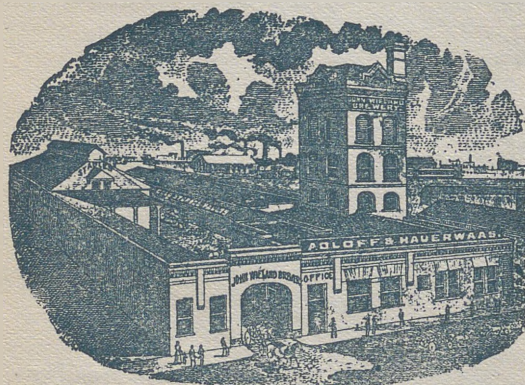
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# GRAPHIC

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## Matters of Moment

### Chicago's Experiment

By a majority of over 24,000 votes Judge Edward F. Dunne, Democrat, was elected mayor of Chicago last Tuesday. How widely partison politics were ignored in this election may be realized by the consideration that five months ago Chicago gave Roosevelt a plurality of 109,000 votes. The question of municipal ownership of the traction system alone accounted for this unprecedented reversal of public opinion.

Chicago's mayor-elect has taken a radical position. He denounced what he called a plan for turning over "franchises worth \$200,000,000 to J. P. Morgan and the coterie of capitalists associated with him." He is determined to fight the issue out in the courts even if the city is thereby temporarily afflicted with the continuance of a service which is already intolerably bad.

He believes that Chicago can have immediate municipal ownership in spite of the legal and financial difficulties in the way. He has declared his willingness to shoulder the responsibilities of working out this stupendous problem. He is opposed to the extension of franchises on any terms.

But his program of achieving this radical reform is conservative. He says: "It will be my policy to proceed carefully and deliberately, acting with the advice of the best street railway experts in regard to the methods to be followed in bring about municipalization of our street car systems." Judge Dunne believes that "the traction people will recognize the inevitable, take a fair price for their properties and let us go on," and that municipal operations will be realized within two years.

Chicago seized a unique opportunity; the franchises have nearly all expired, and it is the only big city in the country in which private capitalists have not a secure grasp in contract rights. Furthermore, although the capitalization of the traction companies was \$125,000,000, Chicago has had the poorest street railway service of any large city in the world.

The battle is not over, but the will of the people has been declared. The companies will defy the city and claim rights in the streets, under a legislative grant known as the 99-Year Act, which was passed fifty years ago by an admittedly corrupt Legislature. Judge Grosseup of the United States Circuit Court recently decided that the act is constitutional, but holds that it extends to only a small part of the mileage covered by the Union Traction system. "The 99-year claim of the company," says a well-informed writer in Collier's, "is the center artery of the whole body of the traction proposi-

tion. A decision against the companies would burst the great traction stock bubble and make municipal ownership in Chicago an immediate possibility. Chicago will fight the 99-year claim to the court of last resort."

Chicago believes that municipal ownership will give good service at low cost. This will be the experiment that every other city in the country will watch with the greatest interest. Fears have been expressed that the management of so great an enterprise by politicians will increase corruption. It would be difficult to make a worse record for corruption than that achieved in Chicago by Yerkes and the traction corporations during the last ten years. As long as the corporations held sway, they saw that their interests were cared for in the municipal government. Is it reasonable to suppose that the people of Chicago, who have at last proved themselves unmistakably awake to their own interests, will promptly go to sleep again?

### Marriage and Divorce

What refined and intelligent women think of divorce is of distinct value in unraveling the tangled skein that has disturbed many prominent thinkers in this country who believe that the multiplicity of divorces and the comparative ease with which they are secured augur ill for the future of the Republic. Last week Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, who is one of the clearest thinkers and brightest speakers in the Friday Morning Club, addressed her fellow-members on this subject.

Mrs. Tolhurst's views are, for the most part, liberal and logical, and besides throw grateful light on some of the principal causes of divorce. "The low physical and intellectual standards of those entering into marriage," she said, "often lead to hasty and deplorable alliances." Mrs. Tolhurst pointed out that in only two States, Minnesota and Connecticut, is there any provision made against the marriage of the unfit, but she did not state if she approved of such regulation, or if she believed it could be rendered practical. There can be no law which will prevent people mistaking fancy for love, and this is the most common error which leads to mismating. Because a man and a woman are attracted to each other it does not prove that they are fitted for each other. A man "falls in love" with a woman's features, her expression, her voice, or some other individual attribute, and is confident that his future happiness is dependent upon this woman's favor. Without any opportunity for really knowing each other, for testing each other's character, for mutual observation in the rough places as well as the smooth, young people, and even those who should know better, succumb to the alluring prompting of fancy. While it is true that many such "natural



selections" are blessed with happiness, the risk of selecting life-partners on so haphazard a basis is obvious. All too frequently and too late, people discover that their fancy is soon exhausted and that instead of their natures being sympathetic they are antagonistic. Too soon they find they have nothing in common except the tie that binds. It cannot be conducive to anybody's happiness—unless there are children—for such couples to continue the hollow pretence of maintaining a common household.

Mrs. Tolhurst, however, believes that the underlying cause of unhappy marriages lies deeper than the error of injudicious selection—that it lies in the "economic dependence of women." "As long as they marry to be supported, as long as they depend upon men for a livelihood, we shall have the evils of unhappy marriage and the need of liberal divorce laws." This, it must be admitted, is a startling conclusion. Does Mrs. Tolhurst mean that many women marry not for love, but simply "to be supported"? Such seems a terrible indictment of marriage, reducing it to a system of legalized prostitution. And how, if so many women marry for such cause "for a livelihood," wilfully sacrificing their independence, can they look for independence after marriage?

Is woman's economic independence an essential for happy marriage? Is it not rather man's natural duty and privilege to support the woman—to be the breadwinner for the family? And can there be any feeling of obligation on the woman's part as long as the man and woman care for each other? It is true, of course, that all men do not exercise sufficient consideration for their wives' feelings in regard to the family purse. Estrangement easily follows when a woman has to ask for every dollar she requires. In the wisely regulated family the woman cares for the finances of the household and holds undisputed sway there. Can she be out in the world, earning an independent livelihood, and attend to the household duties as well?

Does Mrs. Tolhurst really mean that it is an essential for happy marriages that women should be economically independent of men? If this view is prevalent among intelligent and fair-minded women, it opens up a world of suggestion as to the future marriage state. Marriage will be revolutionized. The wife will support herself and the man will support himself. If any children bless so peculiar an arrangement, presumably husband and wife will share their expense.

Surely it is the mutual feeling of dependence that is largely responsible for happy marriages. Without mutual faith, without mutual dependence—the man to make the home, the woman to keep it—marriage would be a still more precarious undertaking than it is in this day and generation.

Mag—Wot is "platonic affection," Liz? Is it love?

Liz—Well, no—it ain't true love! Dere ain't no quarreling in it, ner no fighting, ner worrying, ner hocking, ner drinking, ner getting arrested fer non-support, ner nuthin' wot's really passionate!

### Flagitiously

John D. Rockefeller has at last been stung to a retort. Through the vice-president of the Standard Oil Company he has replied to the Congregationalists who looked his "gift horse in the mouth." The Prudential committee of the American board of foreign

missions have decided that the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's \$100,000 "will not compromise the board in any way," and it is presumed that Mr. Rockefeller's money will purchase as many Bibles and breech-clouts for the heathen as any other man's. "Ministers say queer things," insists Mr. H. H. Rogers, and Dr. Washington Gladden replies that the vast sums extorted in rebates by the Standard Oil Company were "flagitiously" if "legally" acquired.

Ministers do say queer things and sometimes things that sting. But the Rockefeller-Rogers apology will not convince anyone that the Standard Oil Company does not do queer things. Ministers are supposed to teach the gospel of Christ, the essence of which is that men should love one another. Dr. Gladden did not have to enlighten the world that the Standard Oil system would hardly receive the endorsement of Christ.

It is irony that the disposition of an infinitesimal portion of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune should so rise to trouble him; that his dollars should be considered so dirty that good men should have qualms in touching them for Christian purpose. One can hardly imagine that Mr. Rockefeller possesses a peculiarly sensitive nature. The record of his achievements, his perpetual policy of relentlessly crushing all competition and extorting the last cent from the consumer, does not encourage the idea that he has ever been much troubled by the interference of "conscience." But as his ambitions to pile Pelion upon Ossa have been realized beyond the most avaricious dream of man, is he to be denied the benediction of spending a few superfluous dollars for the good of that humanity which throughout life he has striven to overwhelm? Surely, Mr. Rockefeller, pachydermatous though he be, must squirm at the thought that he cannot spend his money as he will. The idea that a man should find it more difficult to spend money than to accumulate it is so novel that no philosophy has as yet been advanced to suit the case.

If universities, missions and charities are to turn a deaf ear to Mr. Rockefeller's importunities, how on earth is the poor (sic) man to spend his odd pennies except by more investments in cornering the commodities of life and buying a few more railroads?

It would seem that if Mr. Rockefeller's wealth has been acquired "flagitiously," it is only "flagitiously" that he can dispose of it.

The qualms of conscience that the Congregationalists have experienced were no doubt inspired by the conviction that "the receiver is as bad as the thief," and the fear that Mr. Rockefeller may properly be placed in the category of thieves. One remembers, however, Christ's injunction to the rich man—to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and there was no inquiry on the Master's part how the rich man's fortune had been accumulated.

At this late date it would be impossible for Mr. Rockefeller to restore stolen goods to their rightful owners; he cannot reimburse the small independent oil operators the System has ruined, nor can he turn the misery for which he is held responsible into joy. Must then all avenues of atonement be closed to him?

It is to be feared that if contributions to all good works are to be regarded with such scruples, charities must be sorely curtailed. Those who finance great institutions of learning and charity are al-



ready beset by sufficient anxieties; it is difficult enough to find the rich men who will contribute. Must their anxieties be increased by committees whose business it is to examine the source and means of the wealth of their contributors? It would seem that the suggestion is pragmatical and capacious.

Does the graduate of the University of Chicago find that there is a blight on his education because Mr. Rockefeller's bounty made it possible? Will the little heathen not derive as much pride and as much discomfort from the breech-clouts supplied by Standard Oil profits as if they had been bought by widows' mites?

But if Mr. Rockefeller should still be consumed with desire to unloose his purse strings, it is inconceivable that there will not be plenty of men willing to assist the lightening of its contents, however "flagitiously" they were obtained.

### *Are Stirring the English*

Torrey and Alexander, the American evangelists, are creating no small stir in London. Their meetings in the enormous Albert Hall, which holds twelve thousand people, are packed by day and by night. Here is a description of the effect that Dr. Torrey makes upon his hearers and upon an impassioned writer: "How does he charge up to the guns of the Churches? By calling upon Christians to obey Christ. It seems trite, but it is volcanically new, for this man calls upon every Christian to save others. He says it is the business of their life. He preaches the great Democratic doctrine that every soul is equal in value. The soul of Jenny in Piccadilly is worth more than all the diamonds of De Beers. The soul of the ragged boy is as valuable as the soul of the King. It is the old story told with austere ferocity, with haggard fire. The Soul—what is it? Oh, you polished elegances of London, hedonists and dilettantes, cosmopolitan sippers of sifted delight, bibbers of rare poetry and prose, tasters of art and music, dabblers in the last cries of science, what is the soul? Despise this man, if you will. Sneer at his rasping dialect, his husky Westernisms, his crude phrasing, his obscurantist biases. But down in your depths are you not afraid of—yourselves? In some sort have not we too, we also, souls to save, our own and others? From what? Well, from divers kinds of death. It is into the myriad supple insincerities of London that this hoarse voice crashes with a primitive challenge like the challenge of love or death. It is the eternal cry of driven humanity; the deathless yearning of man the insatiate, the insatiable, the questioner, the pursuer."

### *The Last of the Roses*

When the flowers droop and fade  
And sweet Summer closes  
Comes a Fay and bears away  
The last of all the Roses!

Bears it to some distant clime  
There to set it growing  
With companions fair and gay  
In the sunbeams glowing.

But when summer comes again  
And black Winter closes  
There she brings on hurrying wings  
The first of all the Roses!

GERTRUDE HILL.

## *By The Way*

### *The Mayor Over-ruled.*

By over-ruling Mayor McAleer's veto of the ordinance regulating public utility companies, the council has squarely set the Mayor's wishes at defiance. The gas companies, and to a less degree the telephone companies, will have to abide by municipal regulation. I want to go on record right now as to the futility of the measure that will become a law by reason of the action of the council, and I do not think that in the long run anything will be gained by such half-hearted means. One flagrant absurdity of the ordinance is setting the standard of gas at 16-candle power, when the gas now being supplied and generally complained of is above that standard. The problem hitherto unsolved is to provide a gas that is equally satisfactory for lighting and heating. You do not hear many complaints of poor light, but you have probably had experience in finding insufficient pressure to broil a steak with. I am not one of those who believe that all iniquity is to be found in one department or another of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company. Fiery denunciation will not cure that corporation's troubles, for its chief difficulties have not been of the making of the city fathers but rather those brought about by the rapid expansion of the city. I do not believe that we will get to the end of the lighting problem until the city buys out all of the lighting plants at a fair figure and calls the lighting business its own.

### *Botsford in Doubt.*

I had an interesting talk with W. F. Botsford the other day, anent the project of the People's Gas Company. Mr. Botsford insists that the corporation was formed in good faith to supply gas to local consumers and not to save anybody's financial bacon. He says that there are ten or a dozen citizens who are willing to finance the company and put it on its feet until public confidence in its bonds and stock are created. Then some of the stock and bonds may be disposed of to the general public just the same as in the case of the Home Telephone Co. But Mr. Botsford admits that the project just now is very much in the air. He says that Mayor McAleer's message advocating the purchase of the Lowe plant has set them all by the ears and that the People's Company will assuredly not buy the Lowe plant if, as assured by Mayor McAleer, it is going to buy a law suit in so doing.

### *McAleer's Attitude.*

I have not asked Mayor McAleer for the why of his position in the Lowe purchase, but there are some remarkable and peculiar things about that message recommending the purchase of the plant. For instance, why did he suddenly discover that a gas works that supplies about 250 customers (I erroneously said last week 20 per cent of city) would be a good buy? Isn't that a pretty small start for a municipal plant? How was it that the price of \$250,000 suddenly became bruited about the city hall as the proper price for the lilliputian Lowe concern? Was there any connection between this figure and the report (which I don't vouch for) that the Lowe con-



cerns owe perhaps \$150,000 to the bondholders, to oil concerns, to a material house and to financial institutions? On what grounds did Mayor McAleer suddenly arrive at the conclusion that the Lowe plants could be bought, and why was it that almost coincidentally Lowe was interviewed in the Express to the effect that he (Lowe) was against municipal ownership, on principle? There are a whole lot of things in this gas scrap that need clarifying before the people will look with any great amount of favor on radical changes.

#### The Times Turns Socialist.

"The success that has marked the government ownership of the telegraphs promises equal success with the telephones. More efficient service and cheapened service may be expected, as, with all the allied systems under the one administration, economies will be effected that, with divided ownership, were impossible."

No! the above is not an extract from Wilshire's Magazine, but from the Los Angeles Times of last Tuesday in an editorial commenting most favorably on the British government's elimination of the ownership of telephones by private corporations. But surely, Gen. Otis, this is a rankly Socialistic idea. And if it is proper for the government to control telephones, why not all other public utilities?

#### Three Prices for Public Use.

Whittier has a fine new high school, which was dedicated with due ceremony last week. As, unhappily, is all too frequently the case with public buildings, there are some ugly reports of extravagance. The story reaches me that the system of electric bells throughout the building cost \$300, whereas an equally serviceable and complete system in use at a private institution in this same county cost only \$100. How long will it be before the State, the county, or the municipality does not have to pay more than the individual citizen? It is a miserably low standard of morality that makes it possible to charge the commonwealth three prices for one charged a private institution.

#### Prohibition's Dangers.

I am glad to observe that the prohibition question is being fairly threshed out in general discussion and that wherever two or three are gathered together the "No Saloon" scheme is fairly certain to become a topic of animated conversation. Opinion is fairly divided on the subject, and it is rarely you will find two opinions alike. If I believed that the evils of drunkenness would disappear with the abolition of the saloons, I would do all in my power to assist Dr. Chapman's crusade, irrespective of my conviction that "a dry town" will mean a most serious setback to the prosperity and development of Los Angeles. But I have lived in a prohibition country and know that too often, instead of being a preventive, prohibition supplies an incentive to drunkenness. Nor do I base my belief on personal observation alone, which, however, is the most convincing of all evidences. It is the universal result that where licensed establishments have been removed, unlicensed joints take their place. It is argued that even with licensed saloons there are plenty of illegal places where drink is sold. What does that prove? If the authorities are unable to prevent illegal traffic when there are licensed sa-

loons, does it not stand to reason that without the saloons the illegal traffic would be enormously multiplied? The most desperate drunkard is he who drinks in secret. Is drunkenness to be minimized or general morality improved by tempting men to break the law when they drink? The "blind pig" evil, it seems to me, is far more conducive to general immorality than the licensed saloon. The saloon-keeper knows that the eye of the law is perpetually upon him and that, if for no other consideration, it pays to obey the law and to run his place decently. The proprietor of the "blind pig" starts out to break the law. Moreover, it is invariable that he sells a vilely inferior grade of liquor; he buys as cheaply as he can and sells as dearly.

#### Prohibitionists' Alcohol.

Many prohibitionists deceive themselves not only as to the appetites of others, but as to their own. They think they see readily enough the mote in their neighbor's eye, but fail to discern the beam in their own. They shrink with horror at the sight of a man drinking a glass of whiskey or draining a stein of fairly wholesome beer. Many of these same men have ruined their digestive organs by overindulgence in tea or coffee, many of them never miss an opportunity to flood their victuals with sauces, in some of which there is a considerable proportion of alcohol, and not a few of them are addicted to the patent medicine habit. I knew an estimable man, who deceived himself and most of his friends in this way. He had been an inebriate, but was "converted." No more was he to be seen in saloons, no longer would he take a drink at his club. I happened to take rooms in the same house in which he lived. One day I noticed in the back yard a pile of empty bottles of a certain notorious patent medicine, which contains some six or seven per cent of alcohol. I asked the landlady where they came from. She informed me that my friend, the reformed inebriate, consumed a bottle the this patent medicine a day! Obviously, there are more and worse ways of getting alcohol into the system than by taking a drink at a bar.

#### Moderate Drinkers.

For every man who over-indulges in liquor I should say there were twenty who take it in moderation. Many men drink beer, claret or whiskey, because they find it agrees with them better than other stimulants like tea or coffee. They use liquor, but do not abuse it. I have noticed that the most ardent advocates of prohibition are frequently reformed drunkards. It is natural that this should be so and their testimony is the more valuable because they can speak with the authority of experience. But at the same time it must be borne in mind that they could not use liquor in moderation and that total abstinence was their only salvation. Because of their own inability to use liquor in moderation they are inclined to deny the ability of anyone else to do so. A man is naturally more severe on a vice by which he has himself been punished. Many people regard chewing tobacco as an exceedingly objectionable habit, more offensive to one's neighbor than the habit of drinking a glass of beer. A fervent prohibition orator said the other day that he hoped the day would come when he could no longer smell whiskey on the breath of any man in Los Angeles. Yet this same fervent orator constantly and prominently



chews tobacco. Of course, in the millenium there will be no place for chewers of tobacco; already you cannot buy a cigarette in Iowa!

#### Gospel of Temperance.

"Be moderate in all things" was the prize proverb of the Greeks, and the wise man of all generations avoids excess either in habit or opinion. A few years ago the saloon men of Los Angeles thought they were in the saddle; they wanted reasonable restrictions removed; they clamored for a "wide-open town." They realized their mistake. Today the prohibition forces imagine they can capture the city. They want to test their strength and hope to carry their extreme doctrine to the limit. The best citizen is the temperance advocate; he who believes in strict regulation of the liquor traffic but sees the futility of prohibitive measures; he prefers the mean to either extreme. I believe it will be this class of men, the majority—neither the prohibitionists nor the liquor men—that will decide the question in Los Angeles, and I believe their decision will be in favor of the present limited licensing and the strict regulation of saloons.

#### Henry E. Miller's Fate.

If it be true that Henry E. Miller has been murdered and eaten by the savage Seris of Tiburon Island, that intrepid person at last found all the excitement he was looking for. Miller was—or is, for he is said to have been seen alive and well since the gruesome story was published—an extremely eccentric character. Some six or seven years ago, although then about thirty years of age, he was a pupil in the Los Angeles Normal School. He caused the faculty such perpetual vexation of spirit that at last he was asked to remove himself. He found it impossible to submit to any sort of discipline, or to accept any teaching without "argifyin" with his teacher. Miller removed himself to San Jose, to the total discomfiture of the Normal School there. He taught school for a few months in Arizona and returned to Los Angeles to take a hand in the Davenport recall campaign. "A mountain of radium" is said to have been the attraction that lured him and his companion, Capt. Gus Olinder, to Tiburon. Councilman Houghton is considering the advisability of organizing a relief expedition to save what remains of Miller. The councilman has a penchant for nature's vagaries of all kinds, including cacti, grafting city contracts, and Miller.

New Missionary—Can you tell me what has become of my predecessor?

Cannibal Chief—He made a trip into the interior.

#### What Makes Los Angeles Grow?

The Sunset Club at its meeting last week discussed the factors of Los Angeles's wonderful development. H. S. McKee, R. W. Poindexter and W. D. Stephens, a banker, a real estate man and a merchant, led the symposium. Climate, the Chamber of Commerce, judicious advertising, and the character of the men who have been attracted here were given as the main reasons for the extraordinary growth. Frank Wiggins, the mainspring of the Chamber of Commerce, who had been ordered by Gov. Pardee to Portland, could not be present, but sent the club a message recording his belief that the most vital factor in Los Angeles's history had been

the determination of leading men to pull together for the common cause. It is certain that climate of itself, priceless heritage that it is, is not alone responsible for a growth that is probably unparalleled anywhere on earth. And it is not only the character of the men who have settled this richly endowed land. If their energies had been diffuse and not concentrated on a common cause, the wonderful results would not have been achieved. There is climate elsewhere; there is energy and enterprise in other cities. The Chamber of Commerce is a unique institution in both its objects and its accomplishments, and the Chamber has inspired and solidified the common cause—of working all the time with untiring zeal for Los Angeles.

#### Old Timers' Reminiscences.

A number of old-timers recalled the difference between the Los Angeles as they first saw it and the metropolis of today. The immovable faith of the doughty pioneers in the future of this Promised Land was spoken of, and Major Lee called particular attention to the splendid enthusiasm of Joseph D. Lynch, for many years editor of the Herald, who in season and out of season, in the days of gloom as well as of brightness, had day after day penned his gospel of enthusiasm. There were reminiscences of the extraordinary increase in the value of property, sufficiently wonderful during the last ten or even five years, but still more marvelous in the light of thirty years ago. Major Truman, who owned a daily paper here long before there was either a chamber of commerce or a transcontinental railway, told an appropriate story: "Thirty-two years ago," he said, "there wasn't a single habitation east of the Los Angeles river. The whole country between the river and where Pasadena now is was a sheep ranch, and Pasadena was much the poorest part of the ranch—all of which was owned by Dr. Griffin, a loveable character, but an unreconstructed rebel, a brother-in-law of Albert Sidney Johnston. As is well known to many, Pasadena was first called Indiana colony, because a number of Indiana people were the purchasers. Dr. Griffin used often to drop into the Star office and tell me how the Yankees were nibbling for a part of his ranch; and one day

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he came in and said he had about concluded a sale with the d—d fools for \$7.50 an acre. In another day or two my good-natured old friend came in, his noble face wreathed with smiles, and he exclaimed: "Truman, I've sold my ranch to those Indianians—that is, the poorest part of it—for \$7.50 an acre. Ha, ha, ha! I've got the best of the d—d Yankees at last!" Some twenty years afterward, while the Doctor was still living, a 60-foot lot in the heart of Pasadena was sold for five times as much as was paid to Dr. Griffin for the whole parcel of several thousand acres.

#### That Thirty Cent Bid.

There was considerable interest concerning the 30-cent bid submitted to the Police Commission last week for the vacant saloon license. The commissioners prudently relegated the bid to the limbo of the wastepaper basket so that it escaped the argus-eyed reporters of the dailies. I have, however, been favored with a copy of the bid, and as it is by no means lacking in humor, I append it herewith:

##### LANKERSHIM HOTEL.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 27, 1905.

The Honorable Police Commission:

Gentleman—After weighty consideration and thorough digestion of your late edict, anent the praiseworthy shackling of the "Demon Rum," with the lofty ideals, generous impulse and modest claims of your affiliated brigade of vinegar blended antis, I herewith offer and tender the sum of 30 cents, this amount to figure as a bid, for privilege and license to conduct a saloon on the premises mentioned above. I have not had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman who owns the property in question, but owing to his unsavory maliciousness in having the hardihood to class our cultured metropolis as a "jay town," I entreat you to wield the "big stick" and compel, with all due penitence the blunt, outspoken Colonel to accept the writer for a tenant. A lease running for 10 years, at \$1200 per annum, would be cheerfully accepted by yours truly. With this little formality brushed aside and having in mind your displeasure of the breweries, I promise to eschew the sale of any and all makes of the foamy seething lager. My specialties shall consist of Kentucky's liquid dew, the festive Burgundy breeze, and far-famed Nos. 1 and 2. Furthermore, that the profits of the business may rapidly circulate in the proper channels, adding greatly to the general gaiety, I promise to dispense with the odious cash-register, the alluring but dyspeptic lunch, and tempting roll of the witching phantom spotted ivories. Trusting these few stipulations and suggestions will meet with your approval, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

R. U. ONN.

#### Woman's Insurance.

Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst believes that many marriages are spoiled by the woman's "economic dependence" upon man. Advance towards woman's independence in financial matters is shown by the number of women who nowadays insure their lives. The Equitable Life Assurance Society established the first woman's agency in Boston a few years ago, and it has become so much the practice for New England women to take out policies that the Boston agency now has no less than sixty women writing exclusively for its Woman's Department. The Southern California branch of the Equitable is the second agency in the country to establish a department exclusively for women. Messrs. Hines and Chipron have been especially fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. George A. Barry, who will preside over the woman's department. Mrs. Barry is a prominent club woman and an exceedingly bright and energetic woman of business. The same pluck

and enterprise that distinguished Richard Barry, the young war correspondent who beat all his brethren at Port Arthur, is a feature of all that his mother does, and I am sure the Equitable have captured a prize in Mrs. Barry.

#### The Bishop and the Book.

Here's a story on Bishop Johnson, or rather on the library trustees. The Bishop walked up to Miss Jones, the librarian, the other day, and asked for a copy of "Esther Waters," by George Moore. "Esther Waters," as you may remember, created a sensation in reading circles some years ago. It is a vigorous, faithful story of the life of a servant girl in London, and bravely depicts many things to which we close our eyes, withal having much knowledge. While in no way offensive to what is good in modern taste it is as rugged and truthful as anything that Smollett ever wrote. Miss Jones smiled at the Bishop and replied to his query, "I'm sorry, Bishop, but that book is regarded as improper, and has been removed from our shelves." And this with the library shelves loaded down with a lot of trash that is more demoralizing than tons of frankness. Those library trustees must have been brought up on a literary diet of possets. The story is good enough to be true, and I judge by my information that it is.

Assistant—I've prepared a list of books for Lenten reading.

Editor (reading it over)—You'll have to cut this one out. You say it's full of meat.

#### Looking for a Moses.

The Examiner a few days ago printed a list of a dozen Republican aspirants for the gubernatorial nomination two years hence. No mention has been made in any Democratic journal of the men of that party who are under more or less discussion for such distinction. Perhaps these editors do not take the state democracy seriously, on the ground that the defeat of the party was so overwhelming at the last election as to wipe it out of existence. None the less, those who are familiar with the political history of the state know that California is always very uncertain in off political years. That is why Gavin McNab, Jim Phelan and "Uncle Billy" Workman are made the subject of pros and cons in the Tammany Club just now.

#### Deception or Negligence.

The dramatic critics of the daily newspapers were sore at having been imposed upon by the management of the Mason last week. Lionel Barrymore's name appeared on the program of "The Other Girl," while the "star" was in New York attending his father's funeral. Miss Skinner of the Examiner wisely enough turned the trick into an occasion for having some fun with herself and her colleagues, while the Times, which at present has a feud with Manager Wyatt, showed itself very savage at the deception. I'm afraid Miss Skinner does not read her own paper, since, two days before the performance, the Examiner had printed an account of Maurice Barrymore's funeral in New York, recording the presence of all his children, Ethel, Lionel and John. There is, of course, absolutely no excuse for the management's neglecting to make an an-



nouncement of Mr. Barrymore's absence. I can, however, hardly believe that it was intentional fraud, if only for the reason that it was certain to be discovered. There is no love lost between the Mason and the Times just now. For several years Manager Wyatt has had the advantage of complimentary notices in the Times, however bad the performances were. It will be different now. Harry Wyatt has never had a reputation for superlative generosity in the matter of theater passes for the press—a mistaken policy, considering the enormous dependence of the theaters upon the newspapers. The row between the Times and the Mason was precipitated by a request for passes which Wyatt did not think was justified. The Times now purchases tickets for its dramatic critic and advance notices from the Mason are treater for their "news value" only.

#### Unmannerly Musicians.

Musicians are very sensitive when people pay insufficient attention to their own performances, but apparently some of them arrogate to themselves the privilege of disturbing tactics when they themselves are listeners. The following communication seems instructive in this regard:

Will not the Graphic call down the three big men who made themselves such an annoyance at the Ellis Club concert last night? I was seated in the rear of the auditorium and behind me were a trio of well-known musical men; a musical critic, a director, and a tenor. Apparently they were very anxious to let each other—and some of us—know the extent of their musical knowledge and the value of their criticism, for they kept up a running fire of talk throughout the entire first part of the program. Happily, they all left during the interval, or I should have felt like complaining to Judge Ellis. The musical critic was the least offender of the three, and perhaps he was embarrassed because he kept his opera glass on the stage most of the time. What can one do, Mr. Graphic, in such a case?

My correspondent does not give me the names of the offenders; so I cannot "call the three big men down." My hope is that they will recognize themselves and also the justice of my correspondent's complaint. I would advise my correspondent to take a big brother with her to concerts, or somebody else's big brother, and when such annoyance occurs, insist on his asking the disturbers to behave themselves. Or if there is an usher at hand, ask him to do his duty, which is to preserve decorum in the audience.

"You heard that new opera, the other night, didn't you?"

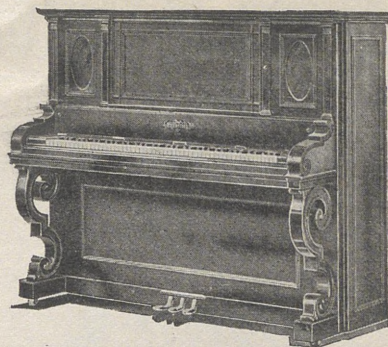
"No."

"Why, I understand you were there."

"So I was, but I was in a box-party."

#### Municipal League's Growth.

There were croakers who deplored the active work of the Municipal League in the last city campaign. Their voices were raised in lamentation that the League was departing from its proper course and purpose. They deprecated the League's activity for individual candidates, refusing to see that measures without men are abortive. They preferred that



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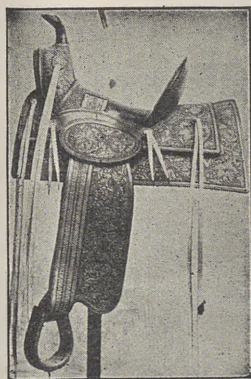
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the League's mission should be academic rather than active, and they prophesied all kinds of disaster in store for the body that they had adorned with their good wishes without their good works. Most of the croakers, however, seem to have been converted to a new view when they contemplated the signal success that crowned the League's efforts in the returns of the city election. For, as a matter of fact, there have been three resignations of membership since the election, while no less than 175 new members have joined the League.

### Brooks's Summer Job.

James W. Brooks is soon to leave Los Angeles for the summer. He becomes manager of the Empire track, near New York, and he will leave Los Angeles just as soon as the dates for the Empire meeting are definitely settled. I do not expect to see him back until well into the fall. Whatever one's individual opinion concerning racing may be, it will be admitted that Brooks has made a remarkable record as manager of Ascot Park. Coming here when no one had an idea that winter racing might be made a success, he began a carefully planned campaign. His first proposition—to make Agricultural Park the place for race meetings—was upset by so many causes that it is needless to enumerate them. Then he conceived the Ascot project, interested capital and eventually succeeded in bringing his plans to fruition. It must be admitted, too, that the Ascot Park meetings—whatever you may think of racing—have been remarkably free from turf scandal. I cannot recall a single far-reaching, crooked piece of work that has been consummated in the past two seasons. That this is so is a triumph for Brooks—whatever you may think of racing. Management like that will bring material rewards, no matter in what line of business a man's energies are directed. Brooks's hundreds of friends will join in wishing him a most successful career at the Empire course. He will have it if determination, energy and persistence count for anything.

### Those S. P. Survivors.

A few weeks ago, in noting the presence in Los Angeles of T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, I took occasion to state that Mr. Goodman and his staff, composed of Assistants R. A. Donaldson, James Horsburgh, Jr., and H. R. Judah, had held together an unbroken line for thirty-two years, while all the original members of the law department, the operating department, freight department, land department and executive department had passed away. I may now add that Major Hanford, paymaster; E. Black Ryan, in charge of assessments, etc., are still alive and at their posts, which they have occupied for thirty-eight years; Arthur Browne, who built the Solano in 1849 and the Hotel del Monte in 100 days in 1880, is on this side of the river. Wm. H. Mills and Jerome B. Madden, who have been in the land offices for many years, are also "still on deck"; Frank Shay, who was for many years private secretary of Governor Stanford, is an assistant of W. F. Herrin; J. D. Stowbridge, who constructed nearly 3,000 miles of the system, and R. H. Pratt and Ed. Railton are good for many years yet; Charlie Green, for more than a decade private secretary of Charles Crocker, is vice-president of the Crocker-Woolworth bank and agent of the Crocker estate; "Steve" Gage,



who bought coal and did politics for the company away back in the 70s, still knocks around on the footstool, and lunches almost daily with Captain Smith, who is now treasurer and has been in the employ of the company thirty-eight years. Away back in 1873, and for nearly twenty years, Colonel E. E. Hewitt was superintendent of the Los Angeles division, and succeeding Hewitt was Johnnie Muir, who died about a year ago.

Prudence—I think short skirts are just horrid!  
Faith—So do I. No woman who respects herself would be seen in a skirt too short to need holding up.

#### Supper and Art.

Last Sunday evening Charles F. Edson, the singer, celebrated his forty-first birthday. For some years Charles has given joy to his friends by such celebrations, and my recollection is that the occasion has always been his forty-first anniversary. There were some novel and pleasing dishes given at the supper he served in his studio. One was "jerky" prepared with cream and served on toast, making a supremely delicate and appetizing dish. The "jerky" and some supremely large and succulent salted almonds came from the Edson ranch, where for some years Charles tried his basso cantante in competition with the tenors of the coyotes. The principal dish was English mutton chops broiled over the coals of a greasewood fire in the big chimney-place well known to all frequenters of the studio. There were a lot of artists, writers, doctors and musicians, who enjoyed the occasion. As a result of a meeting of Steckel, Lundgren, the painter, and some mutual friends, it was arranged to give an exhibition of the Lundgren paintings at Steckel's studio next week. A private view will be given on Sunday to newspaper men.

#### About "Parsifal."

"Parsifal" is on everyone's lips today and will be for another two weeks. Under such circumstances it is interesting to know what its creator himself thought of it. Wagner had once outlined a music-drama devoted to the life of Christ. Happily he abandoned the idea and substituted "Parsifal." He himself described it as a "buhnenweihfestspiel," which sounds alarming but may be translated as "a solemn festival play." "The hero," says Meltzer, "is in all essentials an embodiment of the great Christian virtues—humility, simplicity and charity. The knights, whose acquaintance he makes in the first act, are also Christians. Before all and above all, however, they are idealists, striving by prayer and faith to attain a higher life, as many a Buddhist saint and many a modern martyr, incapable of formulating his religion, has striven." Parsifal is Tenyson's Percival. While Wagner at once makes it plain that he did not intend his hero as a disguised figure of the Redeemer, none the less, in a sense, he is a redeemer, and a redeemer come into the world, like the Buddha, to lighten the burden of all suffering humanity, symbolized in Amfortas, Lord of the

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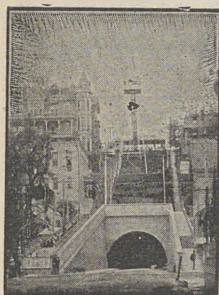
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### **Kundry and Klingsor.**

Klingsor is the incarnation of evil and Kundry stands for the mixed good and evil of the "eternal womanly." Klingsor dwells in the vale below Monsalvat, a mountain upon which is the temple of the Holy Grail. Klingsor is debarred from joining the community of Knights by his alliance with the powers of darkness. Amfortas has strayed into Klingsor's enchanted gardens. Armed though he was with the blessed spear—the spear which had pierced the Savior's side—he had been vanquished by his own lust. Klingsor had snatched the spear from him and plunged it into his bosom. Amfortas's wound will not heal—it cannot—till redemption comes and the spear which caused it again touches the place it has stricken. It is Parsifal's crusade to resist the spell of Kundry and to recapture the sacred spear from Klingsor.

### **The Performers.**

In the performance to be given here next Monday week, the Parsifal, Alois Burgstaller, is one of Frau Cosima Wagner's favorite pupils. Olive Fremstad, who will interpret the role of Kundry, is generally recognized as the most admirable of dramatic sopranos now on the stage. The Amfortas, Anton Van Rooy, the famous baritone, is a tower of strength. In Robert Blass, the Gurnemaunz; in Otto Goritz, the Klingsor; in Adolf Muhlmann, the Titur-el; in Mmes. Alten, Lemon, and the other singers who have felt it a privilege to be intrusted with even the small parts of the flower maidens, Heinrich Conried has artists excellently qualified to do justice to their tasks.

Charles Warren Stoddard is expected in Los Angeles shortly. He will remain on the Coast several months. During his stay he will spend much time in Southern California getting material for a book which he intends to write on "Missions of California."

### **Henry James's Mission.**

Henry James has promised to address the Friday Morning Club today and the ladies are to be greatly congratulated on the capture of such a prize. I am sure Mr. James will impress the ladies and I hope the ladies will impress Mr. James. This is important, because, although the object of his present stay in Southern California has not hitherto been divulged, he has a very definite mission. I am told on reliable authority that Mr. James is not here simply in quest of material and to absorb local color for a new novel, but that he has been commissioned by the Harper Brothers to "write up" Southern California. The value of the record of Henry James's impressions of this Land of Sunshine and Promise cannot be overestimated. In the current issue of the North American Review Mr. James writes on "New England: An Autumn Impression." Under these circumstances, if for no other consideration, we cannot be too good to Mr. James. The Santa Fe, which has a commendable fondness for men of letters, has been looking after this distinguished author and commissioned Ed Chambers to take care of him around the kite-shaped track. I wonder if Henry James knows all about freight rates now and if Mr. Chambers will try to infuse a literary style into his next schedule.



### Mrs. Enderlein's Prize.

To the Friday Morning Club belongs the glory of securing many desirable speakers who come as visitors to the city, writes my club correspondent, and there is no doubt the program committee felt several thrills of satisfaction upon being able to announce Henry James as this week's attraction. Mrs. Ella H. Enderlein, well known as a local newspaper writer, is chairman of the club's program committee, and a better selection could not have been made. Mrs. Enderlein has a wide acquaintance among talented people, and she possesses energy enough to look up others whose appearance before the club might be advantageous.

### Ebell Bagged a Bishop.

As to good speakers who favor the local clubs, there is no reason to suppose that the Friday Morning has the monopoly, however, and the Ebell demonstrated this fact by securing the only public talk made by Bishop Rowe of Alaska, when he stopped for a brief time in Los Angeles on his return from Washington, D. C. Bishop Rowe is not a typical Episcopalian, in the commonly accepted sense of the term, for in the nine years that he has been in Alaska he has thrown aside many of the church customs which obtain in other sections. This he has been obliged to do on account of climatic conditions and the long distances which he must travel. When he reached Los Angeles this week he looked little enough like the regulation Episcopal bishop, clad, as he was, in gray, and having more the air of a business man than a churchman. He had been in Washington, where he went to interview President Roosevelt in the interest of securing better government conditions for Alaska. He responded to an invitation from the Ebell and shared the program with Mrs. Frank Wiggins, who told her fellow club women what it meant to be "behind the scenes" at the world's fair. According to prediction, Mrs. Frank King has been re-elected president of the club, and the Ebell is happy over the situation.

Miss Hoamley—I think of taking up automobiling.

Miss Pepprey—Good idea! It certainly would be becoming to you.

Miss Hoamley—Becoming?

Miss Pepprey—Yes, dear, you can wear a mask in an auto.

### Ruskin Art Club's Grievance.

Club women of California are anxious, naturally, to preserve the dignity of their state federation, and that is why, no doubt, an effort has been made to keep from the public eye the growing discord that has threatened to cause the withdrawal of certain clubs now belonging to it. It leaked out this week, however, that the Ruskin Art Club has a grievance, and although an effort is being made to patch up matters the situation is strained. It appears that the appointment of Mrs. W. S. Bartlett to the chairmanship of the new art committee of the state federation has not been pleasing to the Ruskin Art Club. Not that this club has anything against Mrs. Bartlett, dear no! Mrs. Bartlett is a popular woman, and capable of filling the position offered her, but she does not belong to an art club, and therein lies the difficulty. Now just why, ask the Ruskins, did the state federation overlook all the art clubs of the state, and go outside of them for the chairman of a committee whose especial business it is to look

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after art matters? Nobody in the state federation rises to answer; so the Ruskin women draw their own conclusions. Talk upon this theme was of the mildest sort, publicly, until a position on the committee was finally offered to Mrs. W. H. Housh, president of the Ruskin Art Club. Mrs. Housh declined with thanks, and then the state officers knew there was something that needed looking into. The Ruskin Club is valuable as a part of the state body, and there evidently has been no direct desire to antagonize it. Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, state president, and Mrs. Oliver Bryant, president of the Los Angeles district, begged the courtesy of an interview with the Ruskin board, and an executive session was held. It has been discovered that the offended club has entertained a rather well-defined idea of withdrawing from the federation, but probably this will not be done at least for the present. Local club members are too loyal to Mrs. Cowles to connect her name with anything like political intrigue, and they are chary about personalities, but it is hinted in a general way that other clubs than the Ruskin Art have threatened to drop out on account of the manner in which appointments are made. Mrs. Cowles is a woman of superior tact, and may be trusted to bring harmony out of the discord.

Mrs. George M. Sternberg, wife of General Sternberg, ex-surgeon general of the United States Army, will be next president of the National Daughters of the American Revolution, if her friends can place her in the position. In the event of her election there will be much satisfaction among local members of the order. Mrs. Sternberg is a sister-in-law of Mrs. I. W. Phelps of Los Angeles, and a cousin of Mrs. M. R. Sinsabaugh, also of this city. Mrs. Sternberg is a woman of wide experience in the councils of the D. A. R.; was formerly vice-president general, and is now chairman of the ways and means committee, to raise funds for the erection of the memorial continental hall. Mrs. Sternberg is opposed by Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt, state regent of Rhode Island, and the contest for the presidency will be close. The incumbent is Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, wife of Vice-President Fairbanks.

Mrs. C. J. Heyler entertained a party of friends at tea at the Country Club Saturday afternoon. Her guests were her mother, Mrs. White; Mrs. Henry B. Vercoe of San Francisco, who has been spending the winter at the Hotel Raymond, Pasadena; Mrs. W. G. Hutchison, Mrs. A. C. Thorpe and Mrs. O. A. Vickrey.

## "For Better, For Worse"

*Extracts from an Address Delivered by Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, before the Friday Morning Club.*

Woman's testimony concerning divorce is essential if anything like a broad and fair decision is to be reached. But women as a rule have a distinct aversion to discussing the subject. It is therefore refreshing to find a woman of refinement and intelligence willing to voice her opinion. It is much to be regretted that there is no record of Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst's admirable address before the Friday Morning Club last week. Mrs. Tolhurst only used notes in speaking, of which the following are extracts.

"Is liberal divorce, as customary in the United States, an evil?" asked Mrs. Tolhurst. After quoting President Roosevelt's emphatic arraignment of "easy divorce," the speaker continued: "The church also expresses alarm at the conditions prevailing and has endeavored by rather stringent rulings to discredit divorce and especially remarriage." After quoting the rulings of the Episcopal Convention at Boston last fall, Mrs. Tolhurst continued: "In thus arrogating unto itself the privilege of passing upon the guilt or innocence of those whom the state has absolved, the church acquires a dangerous power, social if not legal, a power more liable to add to the unhappiness of the innocent than to restrain evils which have never yet been restrained by laws. Aside from that, the wisdom of the church establishing rulings which do not coincide with the laws of the land may be questioned. Moreover, there are those who resent the interference of an outsider in matters so intimately connected with their own private experience, and who, after complying with the requirements of the law, feel that there is no authority to which they choose to submit matters subject to the decision of their own conscience. Of course, the rulings of any church apply only to the members of that church who are willing to put themselves under the inspection and control of a spiritual adviser.

"It is to be noted also that although women are supposed to be rather interested in the subject of marriage and divorce, they have no voice in the making of regulations which control them. Both statesmen and churchmen blithely pursue the merry business of law-making, apparently unconscious that one-half of those affected—the half most vitally affected—remains voiceless.

"The finger of scorn is pointed at our country because of the liberality of our divorce laws and their lack of uniformity. It is assumed that the great number of divorcees in this country indicate a low moral plane and a low estimate of marriage. Now, a study of the morality of European countries—where severe regulations prevail and in some places the prohibition of divorce—and of their literature, of the experience of travelers, of the true inwardness of domestic life, would not tend to prove this, but the contrary. Impartial observers, from de Tocqueville to Lecky and Bryce, unite in agreeing that the moral plane of the United States and the domestic ideal are as high, if not higher, than in any part of the world.

"The laying bare an evil does not create it. Is



divorce the disease or the remedy; the cause or the effect? And if it be the medicine, would it stop the disease to cut off the medicine?

"Now, although the custom of marrying is one to which everyone subscribes more or less unreservedly, and upon which everyone feels capable of passing judgment, it is a question if everyone has better grounds for passing judgment than by preconceived ideas and a more or less limited personal experience. And yet in order to estimate intelligently an institution so peculiarly the outcome of a long, slow evolution, it is essential that there be acquaintance with various stages of that evolution, a knowledge of its origin and the forms through which it has passed and is passing today.

"There is no line of investigation for the person of average intelligence who desires to understand the world about him of greater value and interest than the study of the origin and development of the various institutions and customs by which we are surrounded. The history of religion, from its first dawn in the breast of the nature-worshipping savage, through all its phases, sometimes grotesque, sometimes appalling, serpent worship, sun worship, ancestor worship, which have all left their imprint upon our ideas and dominate them today; the growth of government, so intertwined with religion—through them both stalks the black and terrible figure of the priest, creature of man and ruler of men. . . . The study of these subjects under the fierce white light of modern scientific and historical research must precede any claim to authoritative utterance upon the questions of today.

"I cannot but believe that divorce laws, good or bad, have little to do with the evil of unhappy marriages. The low standard required of those entering marriage—there are none so depraved, diseased, miniature, ignorant, who are not at liberty to assume the relation—the lack of education of our young men and especially of our young women for its conditions and duties, lead to the forming of hasty and unfortunate alliances.

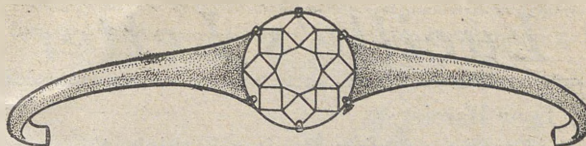
"But I am inclined to think that the underlying cause lies deeper, that it lies in the economic dependence of women. As long as they marry to be supported, as long as they depend upon men for a livelihood, we shall have the evils of unhappy marriage and the need of liberal divorce laws.

"The last step toward the ideal marriage is perfect liberty on both sides.

"In looking back over the long road which the human race has traveled—traveled often with bleeding feet—from that far beginning when that bold intelligent ape first straightened his bent back and, walking upright, proclaimed himself a man, we feel not shame and discouragement, but awe at the splendor of man's ideal and his achievement.

"Whence came his splendid dream of two souls remaining loyal through all the span of life and death?

"If we look across the length and breadth of our land and remember the countless households in which men and women are patiently and cheerfully, with self sacrifice and courage, living together, honest and kind, we recognize that because it is common, we forget that it is sublime."



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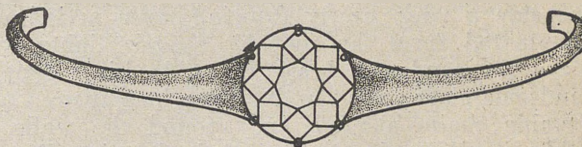
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## Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

It is rather amusing, don't you think, the way in which the real estate people imagine that with their big deals and vast buildings they are the only people who are responsible for the ambitious progress of our Angel city. They ought just to emerge for a while from the exciting chase of the tenderfoot and look around at what is doing in other lines before they decide that they are the "whole bunch." And this time it is a lady, a sweet and gentle lady—though a shrewd business woman at the same time—who is showing us a thing or two in the progressive line. If you go down Hill street, about the middle of the block between Third and Fourth you will come upon a newly opened dressmaking establishment—under the name of Terrill—which could not be outdone in any city in the world. Madame Terrill and her pretty sister have only just arrived, and have opened up this beautiful establishment on the Frenchiest and most artistic plan. You enter on one side a long, pretty drawing room artistically illuminated from the roof by electric lights concealed in handsome brass Fleur de Lis. Simple, handsome glass cases run down the long room. Comfortable chairs abound, and around the walls in softly lit alcoves hang some of the loveliest French models in gowns, robes and evening wraps. The other end of this pretty room has been arranged almost like the stage of a theater, while around its walls stand a succession of figures in the most ravishing Paris gowns we have ever had in Los Angeles. It is quite hopeless to describe these lovely creations. We have nothing like them, or like this form of establishment, and I can assure you, my child, just to see how they "do it" in Paris nowadays is worth a trip into town. Madame Terrill goes twice a year to the gay French capital and selects these magnificent things herself. The taste of the ordinary im-

porter won't go down with this little lady, with the result that each gown or coat is absolutely unique. I do hope she will make a success of her venture. We need just such up-to-date places of business here to keep us in the front ranks with the largest cities of the world. We have so many wealthy women here and ours is such a very "dressy" town, that this swell establishment ought to receive no end of patronage.

Will you faint if I tell you that last Sunday morning I went to church? I did really, and it was ever so nice and charming and restful. I felt impelled to go if only to take a last fond look at the sad Lenten winter hats and watch the devout and patient expression on the faces of the "400." While I was mentally fitting on to their several coiffures some of the dandy new flower hats I have attempted to picture to you, a thing of beauty was shown to a seat down towards the front that started up a rubbering, sadly interfering with the direct line of the prayer. This bunch of joy was a stranger I decided, and a stunning figure of a woman to boot. She was gowned in nothing more elaborate than a pure white linen suit, and wore an embroidered white linen hat on her stylish head. Absolutely plain was her suit, of finest material, with a long loose-backed coat and tucked skirt. After she had whispered a two-minute prayer into her white glove, this Juno kindly arose and removed the coat—displaying a white linen shirt-waist and belt of the same, to say nothing of magnificent hips and shoulders. "Forsythe," I murmured to mine own ear. No one but Forsythe can give a cut like that, and the "boy guessed right the very first time," for was not this maker's name clearly outlined on the collar of the long coat. Since, I have discovered the same costumes are to be purchased only at Matheson & Berner's store on Third and Broadway—and no amount of silken frou-frous or decorated garments can begin to look such absolutely good form as do these linen gowns. I found on looking them over in this same store next day that they come with cuffs and collars of different shades of linen—blues, greens and browns. Some have tight-fitting tucked backs and some are loosely belted. They are known as Dongamon linens, the which title sounds somewhat akin to a swear word, but the price, only \$20 a suit, relieves one's mind at once on that point.

While speaking of linens you ought to see the lovely embroidered linen shirt-waist patterns that have just arrived at Coulter's. On sheerest material these waists are hand-embroidered by the peasants

### Offerings for Easter

In point of preparation for this season's Easter business, we have far surpassed our own best efforts of former years. Goods were ordered earlier and in more lavish quantities. Stocks in every department are better selected and broader in variety than ever before. Trade conditions combine to make this the most important event in the history of our house; enabling us to offer worthy merchandise at less than value—at very much less than prices prevailing elsewhere for like qualities. Early selections are best. Assortments will be found more satisfying now than at any other time before Easter Sunday. Let us urge upon you the importance of making your selections now—and here.

**Coulter Dry Goods Co.,**

South Broadway

Between Third and Fourth Streets



### Easter Novelties

Hand Decorated Sachets.  
Appropriate Mottoes.  
Dainty Pictures; and, Especially for the children, real little ducklings. No such novel assortment elsewhere in town.

**FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.,**

First Door North of Coulter's  
313 South Broadway



of France and the patterns and work are exquisite. The prices range from seven and a half dollars to twenty-seven, and if you saw the amount of fine hand-embroidery on the deep fronts and collars and cuffs you would wonder how they can sell them for that price.

Once more I had been trusted to investigate the beauties in a man's tailoring department, and so arrived at the smart outfitter's, Geo. P. Taylor's, on Broadway, near Fifth street. Here I was shown the "very latest up-to-date" thing in men's waistcoats. You know what a joy some people take in their waistcoats, don't you? And it is with great pleasure that I discover some really new interest in this pet manly garment. The thing to wear now is a waistcoat, single-breasted, well-trimmed with wide flat braid and cut away at the last button. This, of course, is the fixed rule of fashion set by the King of England, who has never been known to button that useless last button. Of course, there is excellent reason for Albert Edward's decision. I don't believe he was ever taught to breathe correctly, do you? I was also let into the secret of the very smart thing in evening waistcoats for these lords of creation; they are to be worn in fine white-ribbed silks, trimmed with fancy little braids and tiny pearl buttons, and I'm afraid are to be out very décolleté this year. I suppose our men hate to be left behind by lovely women in every smallest detail. Well, after imbibing a child-like lemonade at Christopher's—one can't eat sandwiches to order all the time, hence the day of the highball is on the wane—we went into the Boston Store to see what was doing there.

As usual, the elevator was crowded, belching forth people, wearing, each and every one, that anxious trading expression we all know so well. Mechanically we followed the crowd, and found that millinery for Easter was the main attraction. And such a fitting and a prinking was in order up in the cosy parlor! It seemed as though everyone in town was bound to have a new hat. I saw some beauties there, too—I mean the hats, for not all the women who were busy ogling themselves in the mirrors were really truly "beauts"; but the pretty flower hats helped them out wonderfully. I notice that scarlet geranium and red poppy hats are very much the rage this summer. A geranium was wont to belong to the small cottage order of people; now it is "to be loftily perched on the head of the haughty millionaire's wife, and it is most effective on a fluffy dark head. One hat I particularly coveted was composed of green ribbon bow crown, edged with white lilacs, and banded up the flat high back with American beauty roses.

Sorrowfully we tore ourselves away from this attractive spot and arrived at the ever-charming Ville de Paris, where one of its handsomest managers—you know the one I mean, the immaculate Mr. McKee, who always looks as if he had just come out of his bath—showed us some tempting things in the kimono matinee line, which were only just being unpacked. These dear little jackets—the refuge of the "late to breakfast" and "scramble down to dinner girl"—are most fascinating. There are all sorts of kimonos from simple lawns and percales away up to lace-inserted "dreams." A white dotted Swiss matinee, with wide sleeves and open-worked neck, took my fancy. I mean to get it, but one can never be quite sure. They have a most tempting assort-

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ment of these useful summer garments at the "Ville," and at all prices for all purses.

At Blackstone's I was charmed with the silks this week. They have a new arrival of some stunning pieces of silken materials, one of the most delightful being the Singapore Pongee. So soft and in the natural color, it and the Tussar Pongee seemed to be first choice with the crowd that were busily inspecting them. I saw some dear things in changeable silks there, also chameleon moonlight effects in a new material known to the enlightened as "Gros de Londres." It is wonderful how the manufacturers can blend four or five shades, blue, pink, green and gold, and produce a soft rainbow effect. Blackstone has a most delightful selection of silks this season and it was hard amidst so many lovely shades and textures to make up one's mind as to the best choice.

Our last trip on this prolonged expedition was to the "Unique," that very swagger emporium of female vanities on Broadway, run by the brothers Isaacs. Seated comfortably, we rested, and meanwhile flashed our eyes on some delightful garments for evening wear. The heavy winter wrap and opera cloak have, of course, gone away back to sit down—or to be hung up—and the newest thing in little evening wraps is to be seen in this popular store. Some dear little jackets of lace, short-backed and with full open sleeves, were the newest and prettiest things. A three-quarter length embroidered coat with loose back, in pale green broadcloth, was very charming—though nothing can be prettier or more effective than the all-over Irish lace evening wraps. The Unique is showing some beautiful novelties in this line and at most reasonable prices. If we could only have half the pretty things we want and admire, wouldn't we—well, just rather.

Once more my friend farewell.

Continually yours,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., April Sixth.

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## Over The Teacups

Theater parties have been few and far between during the somber weeks of Lent, and those of us who have been keen to see something good—there hasn't been very much lately—have stolen theaterwards in quiet pairs. But "Charley's Aunt" at Belasco's proved too great an attraction, and Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whiting, who have been spending the winter at Hotel Leighton, entertained a large party on the opening night. Among their guests I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Alan C. Baleh, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake, Mrs. Longstreet, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox.

That popular and entirely eligible youth, Count Holstein, whose removal from Chino to Rocky Ford, Colo., was generally regretted, has been entertained by his friends during the last week or so. Count Holstein returned to Los Angeles to be present at the wedding of his friend, Ernest Hamilton. The other evening he gave a cosy little dinner at the Van Nuys, entertaining his mother, Countess Holstein, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Otis of Pasadena, Miss Leila Simonds and Warren Carhart. By the way, some people are a long time making up their minds, or at least letting their friends into the secret. Well, Bessie Bonsall set a new fashion, and I'm not at all sure it isn't rather a sensible one. The formal announcement of an engagement nowadays means a month or so of hard labor for the bride-to-be before the wedding.

The stork has paid a second visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, this time favoring the Earls with twins—a daughter and a son. Mrs. Earl, it will be remembered, was Miss Emily Jarvis before her marriage. She is a daughter of Kentucky and a sister of Mrs. West Hughes of Los Angeles. The oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Earl, now a boy of several summers, is named Jarvis, in honor of his mother's family. He is a handsome child, and, like his mother, will be a brunette.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott have been made much of by their friends since their return from their bridal trip. Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom gave a lunch for Mrs. Mott at the California Club last week; on the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Al. Barker gave a trolley trip and a Spanish dinner at Casa Verdugo for the happy pair, while earlier in the week Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ray of the Westminster entertained them at a theater party at the Orpheum. Mrs. Mott will receive at the home of her mother, Mrs. John A. Fairchild, 837 South Burlington avenue, the first two Fridays in May.

Col. and Mrs. D. H. McEwen are among San Francisco people now at the Angelus. This house was the scene of a wedding the other day, when Miss Helen Hadley of San Diego became the bride of L. W. Anthony of the same place. Dr. Hugh K. Walker performed the ceremony and the affair was a notable event, the appointments being in accordance with the prevailing elegant style of the house.

### WHERE ARE THEY?

Mrs. Finis P. Earnest returns to her home in St. Louis today.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Bard are cruising in the Mediterranean.

Mrs. Henry E. Huntington was at the Van Nuys for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Hamilton will reside at 839½ South Grand avenue.

Mrs. Walter Galt Barnwell of 645 Rampart street has returned from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Eldridge have taken possession of their new house at 619 Commonwealth avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori sailed from Boston last Saturday on the White Star liner Canopic for the Mediterranean.

Mrs. H. L. Graham has returned from San Francisco and is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Walter J. Wren of Hotel Wells-Lee.

Mrs. Frank H. Schofield, wife of Lieut. Schofield of the United States Navy, is the guest of Mrs. Samuel C. Foy of San Rafael Heights.

Miss Mary Cattleman of Milwaukee, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Elmer Barber of 817 South Hill street, is visiting in the north.

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Miss Henrietta O'Brien of South Bend, Ind., is visiting Mrs. Walter Leeds.

Mrs. W. S. Slack of 915 Park View avenue is entertaining Mrs. Elizabeth A. Morse of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Jevne and Miss Vera Jevne leave next week to spend the summer in Europe.

Miss E. C. McCulloch of 2716 South Grand avenue left Wednesday for an extended trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Peyton have been entertaining a house party at their ranch near Lordsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Woodhead and the Misses Woodhead of 852 Buena Vista street, are at San Jacinto.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Goddard and Mrs. Lee have returned from Mexico and are at 455 Grand View street.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford C. Tatum have taken possession of their new home, 1149 South Burlington avenue.

Mrs. J. Thompson Sharp of Jacksonville, Ills., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Griffith of Hotel Hinman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson have returned from Hotel Hollywood to their residence at 1436 South Flower street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Francis of San Francisco are visiting Mrs. Francis's mother, Mrs. J. E. Freebey of 1666 Girard street.

Mrs. A. E. Brodtbeck and Miss Adele Brodtbeck have returned from the East and are visiting Mrs. Arthur P. Chipron of 981 Arapahoe street.

Mrs. T. J. Charlton and Miss Maud Charlton of Indianapolis, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Rankin of 1820 Central avenue, are staying at Whittier.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Marquis have taken possession of their new home at the corner of Arlington and Twenty-fifth streets. They gave a house-warming last Saturday evening.

Mrs. William J. Hunsaker and the Misses Hunsaker returned last week from Elsinore Hot Springs and are now in San Francisco, where they expect to remain for the next two months.

#### Receptions, Etc.

April 1.—Mrs. Walter J. Wren, Hotel Wells-Lee; house party at Wren's Nest, Hermosa Beach.

April 1.—Miss Helen Hutton, 1215 South Main street; luncheon for Miss Elizabeth Burns of San Jose.

April 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Haines, 155 Dwight avenue; for Miss Della Greene of Laconia, N. H.

April 3.—Mrs. Addie Lee Buckler, Hotel Wells-Lee; duplicate whist party.

April 3.—Mrs. W. A. Kennedy, 327 North Griffin avenue; for C. C. C. Euchre Club.

April 4.—Southern Club; at home at Woman's Club House.

April 4.—Mrs. William Garland, 757 Westlake avenue; for Leisure Hour Whist Club.

April 5.—Mrs. J. W. Lytton, 336 West Thirty-sixth street; for Poppy Whist Club.

April 5.—Miss Isabel Wolfskill, 501 West Jefferson street; for Miss Hutton.

April 6.—Mrs. Ulrich Joseph Marchand, 1427 Bond street; tea.

April 6.—Mrs. William T. Bishop, Adams street; bridge whist for Mrs. J. Thompson Sharp.

April 6.—Mrs. Leah J. Seeley, 1515 South Figueroa street; for Dr. and Mrs. Harry Adams.

April 7.—Mrs. Arbo Frost, 655 West Jefferson street; for Aloha Euchre Club.

#### Anastasia's Date Book

April 8.—Mrs. W. D. Clark, 2727 Brighton avenue; for Miss Catherine Mitchell.

April 8.—Mrs. James Foord and Mrs. John F. Ellis, Hotel Melrose; trolley party to Casa Verdugo.

April 8.—Miss Drevna Thompson, 1127 West Ninth street; for Students' Musical Club.

April 8.—Miss Minnie Cronkrite, 129 West Thirtieth street; luncheon for Miss Martha Bohan.

April 8.—Miss Florence Hunt, 810 West Thirtieth street; for Miss Maybelle Wood of Bangor, Me.

April 10.—Miss Clara French, 837 Alvarado street; for Pine Forest Whist Club.

April 10.—Mrs. Roth Hamilton, 1827 South Union avenue; for Monday Musical Club.

April 11.—Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Mitchell, 1001 South Alvarado street; for Trolley Whist Club.

April 11.—Mrs. Nicholas E. Rice, 2520 Wilshire Boulevard; for Duplicate Whist Club.

April 12.—Mrs. J. M. Taylor, 1442 Pleasant avenue; for Five Hundred Club.

April 12.—Misses Pansy and Belle Whittaker, 815 West Eighteenth street; for Miss Stella Bumiller.

April 13.—Miss Martha Hunter, 1125 Magnolia avenue; for Miss Martha Bohan.

April 14.—Mrs. Joseph F. Bumiller, 711 Rampart street; for Miss Stella Bumiller.

April 14.—Mrs. E. Crippen, 2708 Kenwood avenue; for As You Like It Club.

April 22.—Miss Alice Bates, 2840 South Grand avenue; for Miss Martha Bohan.

April 25.—Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C.; Easter ball at Kramer's.

April 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, Hotel Angelus; dance at Kramer's.

#### Recent Weddings

April 2.—The Rev. Christopher B. Reuss to Miss Stella Knight, in the Independent Church of Christ.

April 3.—Mr. F. W. Murry to Miss Nona Dickins, in Knox Presbyterian Church.

April 4.—Mr. Charles W. Brown to Miss Daisy Russell, in Bethany Church.

April 5.—Mr. Edward Dean Lyman to Miss Eva Wheeler, in the Church of the Unity.

April 6.—Mr. Ralph Mathews Byram to Miss Edna May Patten, at 1025 East Thirty-third street.

April 6.—Mr. Warren Preston Carlisle to Miss Estelle Meyer, at 1337 South Hope street.

#### Approaching Weddings

April 12.—Mr. Frank E. Hayward to Miss Catherine Mitchell, Pasadena avenue.

April 16.—Mr. Sam Wolfstein to Miss Bertha Roth, at Ventura.



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## On the Stage and Off



William Desmond, the young romantic actor as Ahasuerus in Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle's "Mizpah."

Mr. Desmond, who scored a distinct personal success in the biblical drama of "Mizpah", has for more than a year been the idol of those who love melodrama. He won his spurs as leading man of the Ulrich Stock company at the Grand Opera House last year, and became such a popular favorite that at the close of the Grand's stock season Manager Morosco at once engaged him for his company at the Burbank. Mr. Desmond is young, handsome, modest and ambitious. With all his natural talents and the painstaking endeavor which characterizes all his work he is certain of a brilliant future. During the last twelve months he has played some fifty different roles here, and in all of them he has made his mark.

Stephen Phillips occupies a unique position in the world of English letters. The twentieth century audience cares little for poetry in its drama. Incident is far more important than dialogue; spectacle more attractive than poetry. Even Shakespeare is only tolerated by the masses when served with gorgeous scenic embellishments that dwarf the actual drama and impoverish the poetry. It remains for a band or two of strolling players, like Ben Greet and his little company, to give us classic drama for its intrinsic worth alone. Stephen Phillips is first a poet and, therefore, cannot compete for favor on the modern stage with your Pineros or Clyde Fitches. His

"Herod," "Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses" have been produced with moderate success, but the manager intrepid enough to stage "The Sin of David" has yet to be announced.

The reading of "The Sin of David," given by Mrs. George Dobinson before the Friday Morning Club a few weeks ago, was repeated at the Dobinson Auditorium last Thursday evening. Thursday unfortunately happened to produce the most frigid wind in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the unwanted weather undoubtedly affected the size of the audience. It is doubly difficult to act or read before a half-filled auditorium, and this was Mrs. Dobinson's handicap on this occasion. But, nevertheless, the reader gave a most illuminating interpretation of the poem. The four principal characters of Mr. Phillips's poem are Sir Herbert Lisle, Colonel Mardyke, Miriam, wife of Mardyke and afterward wife of Lisle, and Martha, sister of Mardyke. There are eight minor speaking parts. The first fruit of the effectiveness of Mrs. Dobinson's reading was found in the fact that she was able to give to each of the main, and to several of the minor, characters an individuality of voice and expression that was so distinct and intelligible that it was unnecessary to preface their dialogue by naming them. This individual distinction of characters, so clear as to avoid any chance of confusion, is in itself no easy task. And it is only happily accomplished when, as in Mrs. Dobinson's case, such characterization is done without strain—naturally and without the jarring suggestion of affectation.

Mrs. Dobinson's great virtue is the total absence of "declamation"; there is no forcing of the voice to unnatural pitch, noise to express passion, nor attempt at histrionic effects, where, in such reading, they would be superfluous and distressing. The reading instead of the acting of a play may be compared to the violin solo in place of an orchestra. It is obviously incomplete, but the consciousness of limitations and the discretion not to transgress such limitations may crown the work of both reader and violinist as artistic and illuminating.

For the reason Mrs. Dobinson's reading of "The Sin of David" emphasizes its poetry more than its dramatic force. And Mr. Phillips's lines lose none of their beauty in this reader's custody. Only occasionally was the reader tempted towards too rapid a delivery, which last Thursday might have been prompted by the frigidity of the auditorium.

The note of tragedy struck by "The Sin of David" is not a loud one; it is, almost throughout, in the minor key. The passion of Lisle for Miriam is never riotous, but always bears the conscious burden of the initial sin. The irony of fate—the judgment of God—does not have to be demonstrated in loud alarms, in thunder and lightning, but achieves its climax by the death of the little child, who had apparently blessed the union of Lisle and Miriam, but becomes the instrument for punishing the sin of five years before. This sustained chord of sadness and foreboding evil predominates throughout the play, and in Mrs. Dobinson's rendition it is fittingly maintained.

Stephen Phillips pays more attention to the great life motives that control and agitate humanity than to incident or characterization; in these respects his poems resemble the old Greek tragedies. "My object," he has said, "is to eliminate everything but the essentials of character, action and passion—to



admit nothing that shall not help on the action. I strive after compression, not expansion."

Thus the effect upon reading "The Sin of David" or hearing it read is not so much the experiences of the individual characters as the impression of the great human tragedy—sin and its punishment. The story is as old as that of Uriah the Hittite, and as new as the latest records of the divorce court.

What Edmund Gosse has called the "marveious lyrical movement of unrhymed iambs which is the particular glory of Mr. Phillips" is profusely found in his latest poem. Listen to the interlude between Lisle and Miriam after the first avowal of their love:

Miriam— Oh, I would be to thee  
As gentle as the grass above the  
dead;  
And have I been but darkness  
and a sword?

Lisle—No! for a revelation breaks from  
thee.

Thou hast unlocked the loveli-  
ness of earth,  
Leading me through thy beauty  
to all beauty.

Thou shattering storm, thou eve  
of after-blue,  
Thou deluge, and thou world  
from deluge risen,  
Thou sudden death, and thou life  
after death!

You speak not. Give me but a  
human word.

Miriam—O, all my life has listened for  
thy step!

Lisle—How have I walked in glory un-  
aware!

O, let your dear soul forth; stay  
it not now!

Miriam—For thee alone came I into  
this world,

For thee this very hair grew  
glorious,

My eyes are of this color for  
thy sake.

This moment is a deep in-  
heriting,

And as the solemn coming to a  
kingdom.

Lisle—Apart we two did wander inland;  
now,

Listen, the ocean of infinity!  
Life hath no more in it.

Stephen Phillips, still a young man, has already done more for a real revival of dramatic poetry than anyone in this generation. If the stage is to return to pure literature, his name will be writ large in the record.

In the meantime, until theatergoers are satiated with musical comedies and realize that the stage has a higher mission than the titillation of the ear and the dazzling of the eye, we may be grateful indeed to such readers as Mrs. Dobinson for introducing us to the beauties and worth of such work as "The Sin of David."

R. H. C.

The new Ulrich Stock Company has made a most successful debut and promises to provide an interesting and popular season for the next six months at the Grand Opera House. Stage Manager Gardner has not yet had an opportunity to lick his forces into shape, and the leading man, Richard Buhler, only arrived from New York the night before the first performance. "The Sign of the Four," with Sherlock Holmes as hero, and that most tedious of all characters, the inevitable Dr. Watson, was a

happy selection for the opening bill. Sherlock Holmes can still vie with Parsifal or Hamlet as the most popular figure on the stage. Unfortunately, one actor has been so completely identified with the incomparable detective that his portrait is used even in the illustration of Dr. Conan Doyle's stories and it is difficult to realize any other actor in Gillette's shoes. Mr. Buhler physically does not conform to the lean, ascetic idea of Holmes, but he manages to carry the burden of "The Sign of the Four" with sufficient promise to assure us that he will be worthy of wearing William Desmond's laurels in the six months of thrilling melodrama yet to come. Of the women of the company, Brenda Fowler as Mrs. Sholto made a good impression, and Lulu Warrenton proved herself happy in broad comedy. The leading woman, Ethel Clifton, has little scope this week to show her ability, but is successful in giving a natural portrait of the weebegone maiden who accomplishes that miracle of miracles—captivating the adamantine affections of Sherlock. "The Sign of the Four" is admirably staged, and if Manager Drown is able to keep up the high standard he has set, the Grand may give the Burbank a lively race for supremacy in melodramatics.

Two weeks of Parsifalizing had evidently been too much for the nerves of the Belasco Stock Company, if one may judge from their appearance on Monday evening. It is a fortunate thing that "Charley's Aunt" plays itself; otherwise, the principals of the stock company might still be struggling with the first night's performance. It was remarkably "ragged," and almost every member of the com-

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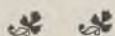
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pany, having forgotten Brandon Thomas's lines, supplied wierd substitutes of their own. But the situations, or most of them, remained intact, and they are so irresistibly funny that the audience never ceased laughing. Overacting is perhaps less dangerous in farce than in any other branch of the drama, and though even so old a stager as Barnum occasionally lost his head and let fly at a tangent, the majority of the audience, familiar enough with "Charley's Aunt," seemed none the wiser. I am glad to know that Mr. Barnum has been given a competent assistant stage manager, who should be able to relieve him from the care of detail. Barnum, with the double duties of stage manager and a succession of important parts, from which he cannot be spared, has had too much to do. His excellence in both departments has been proved, but he is too valuable an actor to this company to carry all the anxieties of stage management.

I am quite sure that by this time the rough places and vacant lots in "Charley's Aunt" have been attended to, and even at its worst, on Monday night, the performance could not fail to arouse the risibilities of the most severe.

It must have been the sudden jump from "Parsifal" to "Charley's Aunt" that so completely unhinged the company, though possibly the advent of the new ingenue, Miss Fanny Yantis, who, by the way, emerged from the general melee with colors flying, may have disconcerted the other principals. Under all the circumstances, Barnum did wonderfully well, and more than ever would I like to see him play that other of Penley's great successes, "The Private Secretary." Miss Gardner had little to do, but seemed dazed in doing it. Galbraith and Vivian occasionally remembered an attitude, struck it, and stuck to it as if they were posing in living pictures. Neither did himself any kind of justice. Tom Oberle's Sir Francis Chesney was fairly successful, but the most finished—in fact, almost the only complete—piece of work was done by Howard Scott as Stephen Spettigue.

Does Oliver Morosco himself ever pine for the palmy days of the Burbank—not so very long ago, either—when "the play was the thing" and his name was attached to the best stock company on the coast? But those good plays and that good company cost money. Royalties are heavy and a carefully picked stock company means a heavy salary list. And if stuff like Kremer's "Prisoner of War"—at much less cost—swells the box office receipts, who can blame Mr. Morosco? I am quite sure he must have regrets himself. Only it is difficult in these enlightened days to imagine where all the people who enjoy Kremer's version of the Russian-Japanese war can come from.

Marie Stuart, she of the dainty Trilbies, and Clayton White, are very welcome at the Orpheum this week; they appear in a bright little comedy, "Paris," which provides opportunities for Miss Stuart to warble. McMahon's Minstrel Maids supply that much sought-for attribute of the variety entertainment—novelty; the maids sing well. Mae Sailor and Burrell Barbaretto are seen to advantage in a breezy sketch called "The Girl with the Changeable Eyes." The balance of an entertaining bill is supplied by Willy Zimmerman, whose new impersonations this week are Brahms, Rubinstein and Creatore.



## *In the Musical World*

The past week has had doings a-plenty in music—we are precise, you see, in that we do not say “musical doings”—and were our standard as high as our production is prolific we could throw out our chests pugnaciously and bid the effete East come on.

Not that we cannot hold up our heads unashamedly and point complacently to some things of good—notably the Symphony Orchestra and the Ellis Club. But, excellent as are these organizations, they cannot occupy more than their own special divisions of the great field of music.

It is in the very highest sphere of musical exploitation—in the combination of large mixed chorus, organ and orchestra—that we are so lamentably weak. To put it tersely, amply supplied with all the essential elements we yet fail utterly in their combination.

I am not descending, nor will I descend, to mere carping criticism. Nor am I speaking lightly. But I look upon the musical possessions of Los Angeles with a far greater appreciation than seems to be commonly held. We have everything here where-with to present the great oratorios in magnificent style—absolutely everything except a suitable hall. And we toy with them as unconcernedly as a fortune teller juggles the fates. Our choral resources are prodigious, and I am very sure we have not risen to even a faint conception of our powers in this respect. In solo voices we are more than adequately equipped—if only directors would use some sense in selection and provided the soloists themselves would be wise enough to secure competent coaching.

Of orchestral ability we have enough and to spare—the only question being whether a representative body could be assured for evening performances. And, finally, Los Angeles can boast at least three conductors who are thoroughly competent to bring to a superb presentation any great representative choral work, ancient or modern.

It is, however, time we learned that these directors will not go hunting for the opportunity to show their power. The broad-gauge men of all walks of life do not and will not hunt—they are hunted; and the really big conductor is no exception to the rule.

When the people finally come to the determination that this fair young city shall assume its rightful position as an adequate exponent of the highest types of choral work they can readily find the man equal to the task. But that man must be peremptorily called; he must have no business responsibility; he must have entire artistic control; he must be properly paid.

And the sooner we start on the good cause the better for all concerned.

“And technic? How about that?” “Fair,” said my next door neighbor once removed; “he really plays very nicely.” This to me by one of a trio of blond young men, apropos of Kreisler.

It was in this way. I was in the ecstatic spasm of an unaccustomed thrill over Tartini’s “Devil’s Trill” when I casually noticed that my imperturbable young friend was nursing his hands in evident unconcern.

“Do you play the violin?” said I, as a gentle feeler. “A little,” said he modestly—but I wish

you could have seen the volumes in his smile. “Well, then,” I said, “you know, of course. Isn’t he doing pretty well?” “Oh, fair.” “What’s the matter with him?” I persisted. “Well, I’ll tell you—I don’t think he has any talent.”

And of such are the amateur critics of today!

I think it quite within the bounds of moderation to say that no such violin playing as Kreisler’s has ever before been heard in Los Angeles, all points considered—and in asserting this I do not forget Ysaye or any of the great exemplars who have visited us from time to time. Ysaye’s emotional sensuousness unquestionably overtops Kreisler’s, and in this regard he can call surely upon the applause of both the tutored and the untutored. But not even Ysaye with all his personal and emotional magnetism could draw the audience so surely and so strongly into enthralling content as did Kreisler on Friday evening.

Violinistic fireworks are usually quite as distasteful to me as are vocal eruptions of a similar brand; but with Kreisler everything takes on new forms of beauty and all sense of technical dexterity is lost in the overpowering effect of the wondrous tints in tonal quality, impeccability of pitch and symmetrical poise.

Then, Kreisler’s simple manliness is in itself of infinite charm to one sick to death of the affectations of these petted darlings of the playing world, and the quiet smile of appreciation accorded Mr. Preyer’s accompaniments touched the right spot in my heart at least. Thank God for music, and thank God for a man to bear it pure and undefiled to the listening ears of earth!

We quote from the Redlands Daily Review regarding the Contemporary Club concert of March 31: “Miss Louise Nixon Hill of Los Angeles in a costume befitting her songs gave four numbers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Miss Hill has a charming voice of exquisite culture, and gave to her songs an intelligence of interpretation that added much to the sweetness and charm of the picture she presented in costume. Later in the evening two other groups were given, Songs of Ante Bellum days and Songs of the present day. For both of these she appeared in appropriate and handsome gowns, and in each she scored a distinct triumph.” Miss Hill, who speaks in the very warmest terms of appreciation of Miss Caldwell’s accompaniments, presented the same program before the Woman’s Auxiliary of Whittier yesterday.

The Symphony Orchestra showed on Friday afternoon its steady growth in surety and homogeneity by a capital performance of old school and later time works ranging from Mozart to Pemberton.

Lingering insistently and gratefully upon the ear Mr. Pemberton’s Reverie for strings affords me the most delightful remembrance of the concert. Saving only one or two odd slip-ups in the earlier portion, the little work is thoroughly charming and sympathetic from first to last. It has remained, too, for our own clever young composer to make a peculiarly alluring and original use of the harmony of the augmented fifth—a form usually relegated to a merely subordinate connective duty. Mr. Pemberton’s contrapuntal powers have long been known;



and these, with the emotional qualities evidenced in the Reverie, certainly show the right and call to be heard in broader forms. I congratulate the composer heartily both on his work and on its dedication to the man who has made the Symphony Orchestra possible—Harley Hamilton.

Of Harry Clifford Lott's participation in the concert it is somewhat difficult to speak—chiefly because I know this fine young vocalist's powers so well and feel personally aggrieved when he does not do himself justice. There was, doubtless, a connotation of circumstances against the singer, and it would not be difficult to put the finger on at least three links of the chain. It will be sufficient, however, to say that, easily our leading baritone, Mr. Lott was not at his best—a by no means unusual thing with even the Carusos and De Reszkes of the vocal world.

"The Creation" started out most appropriately with a sensation. Groping in utter darkness while "God moved upon the face of the waters," and with the are lights bursting into full fury at the word "light," the reverent seekers after Haydn's masterpiece sat aghast at the invasion into Grand Opera House melodrama.

Setting aside unconscionable spectacular features of this and other orders, it is possible to speak more pleasantly regarding the production of "The Creation" than was feasible respecting "The Messiah." The chorus made a brave showing to the eye, and in a properly designed building (minus wings and flies) it would have succeeded in making itself adequately heard. Of the amateur orchestra it would not be fair to expect more than conscientious attempting; and, in so far as such ambitious flights are excusable at all, there was success in a measure.

Miss Maud Reese Davis was the only aesthetically

acceptable soloist of the trio, as Homer Henley was palpably the most musicianly, from a technical standpoint. Neither Miss Davies nor Mr. Henley, however, should take liberties with Haydn's writing.

It may be that Haydn did not know what he wanted—but I doubt it. It may be that singers can improve on the composer—but, whether they can or no, any alteration is inexcusable. Let us be reverent in these things. If we cannot make our effect while having respect to the writer's intentions it is because of ourselves. In any event, let us hold our conscience clear of petty tampering.

Mr. Henley was exceedingly disappointing in both voice and interpretation. As the representative baritone of San Francisco, I expected a bright, resonant, virile organ of wide compass. As an oratorio exponent of long experience, Mr. Henley was confidently looked to for a traditional rendition.

So far from this, there was not in evidence either baritone quality or baritone range, the throat placement evolving a dull bass timbre quite devoid of magnetism. To the matter of interpretation, too, large exception must be taken, dreary monotony holding dire sway throughout. In this wise the purling brook became a sleepy carp pond—than which nothing more somnolent exists on the face of the earth. The act of creation was evidently a very serious business, and even the animals as they came forth did not seem to think there was anything especially joyous about it. The poor old worm had a particularly hard time—as I suppose was quite fitting.

Spencer Robinson was the tenor, Mr. Gates supplied the notes and Mr. Barnhart conducted.

The Ellery farewell as the feature of the evening cannot be given the space it deserves. Ferullo was in fine fettle, drawing all the old time climaxes from the Tannhauser Overture, the Lucia Sextet and the Mephistofele arrangement. The boys met with a most enthusiastic reception from the large audience present.

The Ellis Club put on its serious cap on Tuesday evening and presented the most solid and substantial program of the season. And this is well.

It is at all times an easy matter to capture an audience with a judicious mixture of the quiet emotional, the sprightly tripping and the rhetorical dramatic; but experience shows only too plainly that persistent doses of this treatment enervates both singers and listeners. Man cannot long remain healthy on cocktails, ice cream and candy alone; nor can music safely pull on the emotional wires everlastingly.

Thus, then, the more decorous and thoughtful phase of musical work is good for all concerned in that it keeps us in touch with the cool mounts of pure intellectuality. Next June the club will doubtless again present the brighter type of program.

The Mercadante G minor Mass, the piece de resistance, shows all the peculiar characteristics of work of this class—in the sensuousness of the Kyrie, in the strong declamatory phrases of the Gloria, in the pretty flowing organ figure against the quiet, detached voice parts. With Miss Rogers at the organ all these features found full force of presentation, the various solo and quartet parts being in unusually good hands. Miss Martin has a charming voice, slightly given to an upward trend, it is true, but so slightly as to be scarcely noticeable. The pretty

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bubbling quality commends itself greatly to me, as does the sympathetic, warm contralto timbre of Miss Nutting. Mr. Walker's work is spoken of elsewhere. Mr. Whitehead was quite a distinct surprise, the throatiness which I seemingly remember having given place to a clear-cut baritone placement of an exceedingly pleasant type. I do not at all understand why we do not hear more of Mr. Whitehead.

Second only in importance to the Mass may be placed the Baldamus "Benediction of the Alps," with solo by Adolph Pfannkuchen, and the Bullard "Swords Out for Charlie," with solo by John Douglas Walker. Forceful and distinctive in their separate ways both works had capital interpretation, the soloists making a most marked impression and eliciting a double recall. Mr. Walker has all the ear marks of ripe experience and a mighty good voice to wit. Unquestionably our premier oratorio tenor; it is absurd that he should not have been in the forefront this season. Mr. Pfannkuchen is still very young, and nervousness, self-consciousness and the repressiveness of undue anxiety are dogging his heels unduly. But the voice is there—a fine resonant baritone with abundant vitality and ample range, and "Pfann" is coming along with a safe swinging step.

The Gerieke, Handwerg and Little part songs were charming in form and as charmingly sung, Filke's rattling "Crusaders' Departure" closing the program in bold, snappy style.

Miss Christin, the soloist of the evening, had no difficulty in capturing her audience with her almost plaintive type of tone quality. It is a rarely beautiful voice; but should be mortally afraid of playing much on the lower register. Indeed, there is so much of fragility apparent that I think it would be wise to send this pretty maid round the golf course every day for a year and let the voice lie fallow.

Miss Blanche Rogers lent her usual dainty accompanimental aid and Mr. Poulin conducted with all his accustomed precision. One never catches Mr. Poulin tripping by so much as the shadow of a pulse, and consequently we sit back and listen in calm content.

I am warned by Miss Rogers that I must not forget the Lott-Rogers chamber concert of April 13 at the Dobinson Auditorium. What the penalty would be I care not to discuss; nor am I going to risk it. So I hereby remember, and trust the great guild of music-lovers will do likewise. A Moskowski quartet and the Schumann D minor Trio are in the program with Miss Rogers and Messrs. Krauss, Wismer and Opid in the cast, the last named Polish cellist contributing a sonata by his favorite composer, Chopin.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

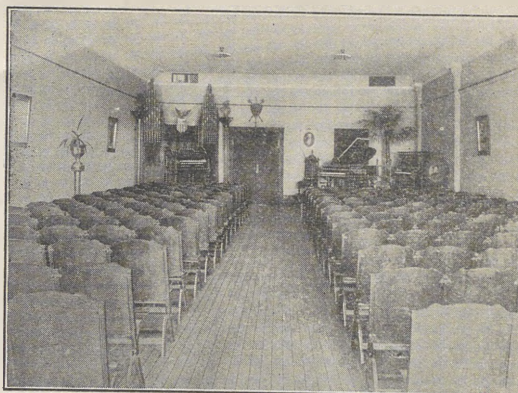
#### NOTES.

Mr. and Miss Heinrich give a joint concert at the Simpson on April 15—postponed from the 11th.

The next Symphony Concert is fixed for Friday afternoon, the 14th, with Miss Maud Reese Davis as soloist.

The First Congregational Orchestra, under Mr. Mead, gave a capital concert on Friday, March 31, with Mr. Harry Williams as soloist. There was a fine audience and much enthusiasm.

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The Commercial Bank of Ocean Park has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000, of which the full amount has been subscribed. The directors are: L. A. Pratt, Ocean Park; W. A. Innes, H. T. Coffin, F. L. Forrester and Warren Gillelen, Los Angeles. The stockholders are: L. A. Pratt, C. N. Brundage, C. S. Thatcher, W. F. Nordholt, W. B. Franklin, Harry A. Dutton, M. R. King, W. H. Kiger, W. A. Innes, F. L. Somers, H. T. Coffin, Warren Gillelen, J. W. Lawrence, Marcia D. Brundage and R. W. Kenny. The articles of incorporation and the amount of stock paid up was certified to by Warren Gillelen. The bank is to be opened for business about May 1.

**Financial**

At the recent dinner of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association A. J. Frame of Waukesha, Wis., was guest of honor. Mr. Frame delivered an address on clearing house certificates and their value in bridging panics. J. M. Elliott indorsed such certificates for that purpose and suggested that the clearing houses should be incorporated. The universal practice in the past has been that clearing houses have been organized simply as associations and under that plan all clearing house certificates have been issued. Mr. Elliott also favored the more frequent examinations of banks by competent examiners, who would assure the people they were solvent.

The annual report of the Home Savings Bank for the year ending March 31 shows: Loans, \$306,652; bonds on hand, \$55,357; cash on hand, \$196,233; deposits, \$468,377; undivided profits, \$3,254. At the annual meeting the entire board of officers was re-elected, as follows: R. J. Waters, president; W. F. Swayze, vice-president; Isaac Springer, second vice-president; O. J. Wigdal, cashier; Dr. J. H. Bullard, H. J. Goudge, Reese Dlewellyn, J. M. Hale, William Meek, C. M. Smith, H. J. Whitley, directors.

The merger of the Nevada National Bank and Wells-Fargo & Co.'s Bank has been ratified at a special meeting of the stockholders of the Nevada National Bank, having been previously approved by the stockholders of the Wells-Fargo Bank. The title of the new amalgamated bank is the Wells-Fargo-Nevada National Bank of San Francisco. It will have a working capital of \$9,500,000. The officers will be as follows: President, Isaias W. Hellman; vice-presidents, I. W. Hellman, Jr., and John F. Bigelow; cashier, F. L. Lipman; assistant cashiers, George Grant, Walter McGavin, Frank King and John E. Miles. The new amalgamated bank will begin business probably April 15, in the premises now occupied by the Wells-Fargo & Co. Bank, corner of Market and Sansome streets.

Incorporation papers have been issued to the First National Bank of Ocean Park. The bank has a paid up capital of \$25,000. E. J. Vawter, A. R. Fraser, E. J. Vawter, Jr., and W. D. Longyear are among other experienced banking men who will be identified with the new institution.

As soon as the \$110,000 water improvement bonds voted by the citizens of Whittier are sold work will commence on a new distributing system, reservoir constructed, several wells drilled, and the necessary pumps installed.

The San Fernando Union High School District has voted \$18,000 worth of bonds for the purpose of building a new school. The question carried unanimously.

An election will be held on April 25 at La Ballona School House, from 1 p. m. to 5:30 p. m., to vote upon the question of issuing and selling bonds to the amount of \$8,000 for the purchase of school lots and erecting buildings.

Sealed proposals for the purchase of school bonds of \$10,000, or any portion thereof, of Ocean Park City School District, Los Angeles county, will be received by the Board of Supervisors up to 2 p. m. April 24.

Sealed proposals for the purchase of the \$75,000 school bonds of Long Beach city schools will be re-



ceived by the Board of Supervisors, Los Angeles county, up to 2 p. m. April 24.

The \$60,000 issue of electric light plant bonds of Santa Ana, voted last November, has been sold.

Residents of the Garvey School District, Los Angeles county, have decided to issue bonds for \$2,500 for improving the school building and other school purposes.

Notice is given that the Board of Education of Santa Barbara has called a bond election to vote on an issue of \$45,000 on April 15, the proceeds to be used in building two new school houses, making improvements to present ones, purchasing lots, etc.

The Board of Trade of Ventura has put itself on record as favoring an issue of bonds by the county for the construction of bridges, which are imperatively needed. They indorse the petition presented to the Board of Supervisors for the construction of a bridge at Saticoy and recommend the construction of a bridge at Sespe, the Casitas crossing of the Ventura river, San Antonio creek at Hollingsworth, and Ojai No. 1.

J. B. Lippincott has been added to the list of water experts working with Superintendent Mulholland of Los Angeles upon preparation of a report which will epitomize for the benefit of the water commissioners data bearing upon the possible water supplies situated within the radius of 150 miles of Los Angeles. After this has been done, the commissioners will go over the report and in its turn lay before the Council a plan for creating a new water system, with request that the proposition be submitted to the people in shape of a proposal to issue bonds for its construction.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital and Surplus - \$1,350,000

Deposits - - - - 6,000,000

Resources - - - - 9,140,000

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## Dollar Savings Bank & Trust Co.

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**CAPITAL \$100,000**

4% Paid on Term Deposits.

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C. C. Desmond, Vice-President. Wilson G. Tanner, Secretary.

#### DIRECTORS

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\$2.50 and upward per annum 8 p. m. to receive Deposits.

Subscribed Capital \$200,000  
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Paid Up Capital \$100,000  
Open Saturday Evenings

## Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank

540 S. Broadway, Cor. Mercantile Place

OFFICERS: F. M. Douglass, President; W. Jarvis Barlow, Vice-President; Charles Ewing, Cashier. DIRECTORS: J. A. Graves, I. B. Newton, W. Jarvis Barlow, Edward Strasburg, F. M. Douglass.

Special Facilities for handling the accounts of Ladies and Children. Foreign Exchange and Letters of Credit.

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January  
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Southeast Corner of Fourth  
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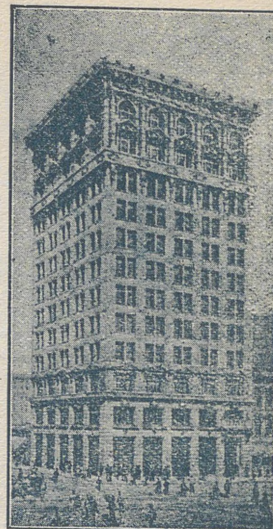
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\$2.00 per year up

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which are the finest west  
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Officers and Directors—J. H. Braly,  
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dent; Chas. H. Toll, Cashier; W. D.  
Woolwine, Vice-President; J. H.  
Griffin, Sec.; J. M. Elliott, H. Jevne,  
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Open Saturday Evenings,  
6:30 to 8:30



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Highest Award, Grand Prize by Original Jury, St. Louis.  
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